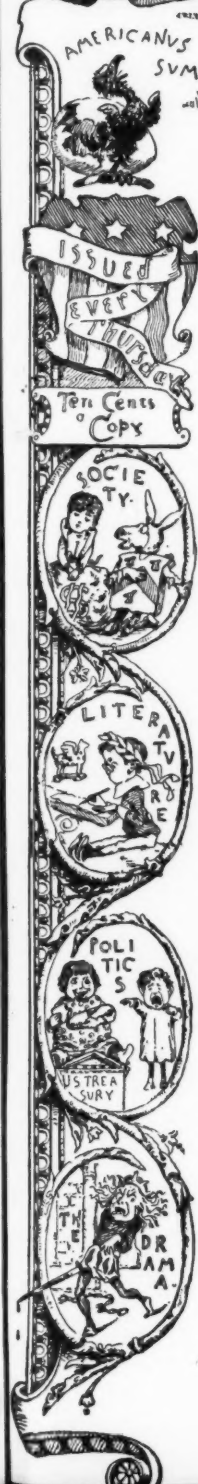


Entered at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Copyright, 1901, by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.



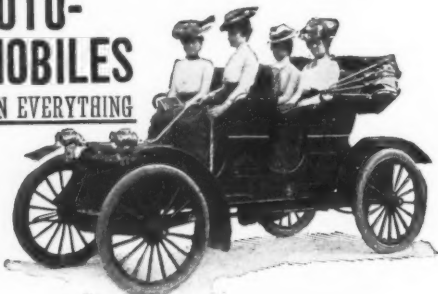
Wm. G. Walker 1902

KAISER SAM AND UNCLE WILHELM.

HAYNES-APPERSON AUTO- MOBILES

WIN EVERYTHING

Results
Count



Two Machines entered.
Two Machines receive first certificate.
Two Machines make higher average than any other machines made in America—our record in New York and Buffalo endurance test.
First Prize Long Island endurance test, 100 miles without a stop.
First Prize Cup Five-Mile speed contest, Fort Erie track, Buffalo, N. Y.
First Prize Cup Ten-Mile speed contest, Point Grasse track, Detroit, Mich.
Gold Medal Pan-American Exposition.
Every machine we have ever entered in any contest has won first place. No failure mars our record. We believe this is not true of any other make in the world. Write for catalogue describing our two and four passenger vehicle.
The HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Ind., U. S. A.

Life Insurance Means

Food, Shelter, Education and
Capital for your family and
yourself. The time to pur-
chase it is NOW.

Write us for information.

Dept. O

The Prudential

INSURANCE COMPANY
OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE
NEWARK, N. J.

Without committing myself to any
action, I shall be glad to receive, free,
particulars and rates of Policies.

For \$ _____ Age _____

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

DEPT. O

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR



Copyright, 1901,
by Life.

POLLY

POLLY is one of the ten heads that compose the
GILBERT PORTFOLIO OF PRETTY GIRLS.
Each head is an oval, 8 x 11, carefully printed in tone on
tinted, heavy paper, and mounted ready for framing,
on heavy green boards; size, 15 x 19.

Price, 75 Cents Each

Life Publishing Company

19 West Thirty-first Street

NEW YORK CITY

The Pines of Lory.



"As ingeniously constructed and as interest-
ing a story as lately has come from any roman-
cer's pen."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A splendid story is 'The Pines of Lory.'"
—*Kansas City Journal*.

"It certainly is no common creation; it is vir-
ile and breezy, quite out of the way in thought
and expression."—*The Chicago Post*.

LIFE



A PHANTASY.

THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT.

Our Personal Column.

SIGNOR MARCONI was requested at the next test of wireless telegraphy to endeavor to send across the Atlantic one of Alfred Austin's poems, but he refused, on the ground that the experiment might render the ether wholly useless as a future medium.

The alarming decrease in the number of women and children in South Africa is filling Lord Kitchener with alarm. He fears that his job may not, after all, be a permanent one.

Mr. W. D. Howells is writing his recollections of his reminiscences.

Irving Bacheller is having his photograph cut up into sections, and it will be printed in the *Bookman* during the next twelve months in monthly installments. This opens up a new field. Literary papers please copy.

Andrew Carnegie has already exceeded his income for the present year, setting a bad example. Go slow, Andrew, and don't encroach on your principal.

It is said that Joseph Chamberlain will pay a visit to South Africa. He will wear two full suits of Harveyized armor for the occasion and be surrounded every minute of

the time with an entire brigade of the best English fighting blood. Mr. Chamberlain values his life highly and is naturally timid, due to a long course of parliamentary speeches.

Elihu Root is thinking of getting a bee. If he gets a good one now, it ought to buzz some by the next campaign.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is not writing a book.

Chauncey Depew is learning to talk to himself, not for publication. This is a monumental task, Chauncey, but don't despair. Cato learned Greek at eighty.

Though Richard Croker has retired, there is no prospect of his settling up.

Hetty Green is thinking of moving her winter quarters from Hoboken nearer the Pennsylvania coal mines, the freight rates are so high.



PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, who is spending the winter with friends in Bulgaria, will begin a course of lectures in the spring. The subject will be "New ways of raising money for missions."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIX. MARCH 8, 1902. No. 1010.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

The illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special arrangement with the publishers.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.



THE papers say that St. Louis voted fifty thousand dollars to clean its streets and make itself handsome for Prince Henry's visit. That showed appreciation. Chicago has been reported to be in a state of distraction because of the difficulty of choosing whether to show the Prince the stockyards or the university. He can't see both, because his time is so short. The feeling that he can see universities at home but not Chicago stockyards seems rational. New York our German guest has seen at about its worst, clogged with snow, seamed and gutted with open ditches, dishevelled, disembowelled, and incomplete. But at least it has been hospitable, and certainly there could be no better place to study the processes by which American cities are made. When New York is finished, it will be an extraordinarily fine city, with more and better facilities for leaving town than exist anywhere else in the world. When Prince Henry sees it again on his return from the West it may be a little seemlier, but at best it seems likely to impress him as it has impressed President Eliot, as a monstrous town and altogether unlovely. Well: New York is humble just now. What it asks most anxiously of visitors is not to be killed on these premises. If our imperial guest will only avoid falling into the subway, being smashed up in the tunnel, run over by an automobile, being blown up by dynamite and

stified in a hotel fire, he can think anything he likes about our city.



GOVERNOR ODELL has had his way about the New York State lunatic asylums. The Legislature has passed the bill he wanted, and he has signed it. It abolishes the local boards that have managed the State hospitals and puts half a dozen big institutions in charge of a paid Commission. Local boards of visitation are provided for as a check on the Commission's power. There was never much debate on this bill in the Legislature, the Governor apparently considering that there was no use of talking about the thing until it was done, but in approving and signing the bill he added a memorandum, wherein he went pretty deep into the matter and stated the reasons for his opinions. It would be hard to read this memorandum without concluding that the Governor at least believes he has done a good thing, advantageous to the taxpayer and not detrimental to the insane. He may be mistaken, but here's advising that no insane person withdraw his patronage from the New York State asylums until the Governor's plan has had a fair trial.



THE President has refused Admiral Schley's appeal for a rehearing of his celebrated case, but hardly with fervor enough to add much to the Admiral's present popularity. In response to the Admiral's petition he has made a long report, in which he touches on most of the matters in dispute and gives his views about them. His conclusion is that neither Schley nor Sampson had much to do with the battle off Santiago; that it was a captains' fight; that Schley's loop was a mistake, but that otherwise Schley's conduct in the fight was good; that full justice has been done him for his share in the fight, and that as to his conduct preceding the battle settlement was indulgently made by President

McKinley, and there is no reason why that settlement should not stand. Finally, the President declares the whole controversy to be closed. He has not authority to declare it a misdemeanor to reopen it, or to prescribe due penalty of fine and imprisonment for so doing, but we all wish he had.



GOVERNOR TAFT complains that the difficulty of pacifying the Filipinos is greatly aggravated by the incorrigible propensity of the Americans at home to discuss the job. In the Philippines there is a treason law borrowed from Spain, which provides prompt and ample penalties for persons who criticise American rule, or plan to abate it, or advocate its withdrawal. That checks open talk in Manila, but not in the United States, and what is said and printed here about the future prospects of the Filipinos gets speedily divulged in the Philippines and makes the Filipinos more restless than ever. Governor Taft wishes we would all hold our tongues, and that the Filipinos would do as they were told for awhile, and go it blind, without perpetually wanting to know how and where they are coming out. Poor gentleman! His wishes are not unreasonable, but there seems about as much prospect of realizing them as of abolishing pie. We would rather talk than eat, and the Filipinos would rather fight than eat. As long as the Filipinos fight the Americans will talk, even though their clatter promotes hostilities. It is averred that in the Straits Settlements, where a few score of Englishmen are credited with a wonderful work of civilization and administration among mixed lots of Malays, the work was all accomplished while nobody was looking. It took twenty-five years, but there was little or no expense, few soldiers, hardly any fighting, very little publicity, and great results. But that was a case of a job that was done rightly, by men who knew how, under a Government that was suited to such jobs. Whereas our undertaking in the Philippines seems an effort of the unskilled to do the impossible in a hurry.



Uncle Sam: A LITTLE HOG KILLING MIGHT BE A GOOD THING FOR THE COUNTRY AT LARGE.

The Twentieth Century Primer.

THE AUTHOR.

WHAT can that Man be doing? He stands upon a Platform, and every one is Looking at Him. Is he Reading? Yes, He is Reading Aloud. He is an Author. Is it a Good Thing to Read aloud? It is if you can get enough Women to Listen at One dollar per. Look at the Author now. He has stopped Reading and is Receiving Congratulations. How Proud he is. Isn't it nice to be an Author? When there is Money in it.

THE KITCHEN.

Here we have a Kitchen. How funny the Kitchen looks. There are pots and Pans everywhere. The Kitchen looks as if it had been struck by a Cyclone. And who is There in the Kitchen? Surely it is not the Cook. Oh, no. The Cook has just left. She heard there was Company coming. This is Why she Went. The Person you see so Busy is the Lady of the House. She is About to Cook the Dinner. Will she have it Ready when the Company comes? Let us hope so.

THE CIRCUS.

A Circus is Coming. Hear the Music. See the Elephants and the Camels. And the Beautiful Lady in the Chariot. Look at the Folks running to the Windows. Here comes the President of the Bank. Here are the Congressman and the Clergyman and the gray-bearded Lawyer. Are

they Ashamed? No, they have forgotten to be. At Present they are too Busy looking at the Circus.

THE AUDIENCE.

Here we have an Audience. The Audience is Busily Engaged in looking at a Play. How the Audience laughs and Applauds. On the Stage are a lot of Painted Things with a great scarcity of Clothes, and a Funny Man who is Saying Witty Things. That is, they seem Witty to the Audience. This is What Makes a Successful Play. Legs and the Woman. Isn't it Nice that this is all the Audience Requires? Perhaps, however, they would like Something better if they Could Get It. Who knows?

THE PIE.

Hello, Here is a Piece of Pie! How Good it Looks. Its Crust is Hard and Firm. It has Sugar sprinkled over it. It is full of Hard Green Apples, half cooked. Here comes a Man. Will the Man eat the pie? He is a thin, Nervous Man, and Does not weigh more than Ninety pounds. His Face is Hard and Drawn. Yes, We are sure He will eat the Pie.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

This severe-looking Person is a Temperance Reformer. She never Smiles. She hates Rum in any Form. She would not drink a Cocktail if she Could. She thinks it is Wrong for Anyone else not to Believe as She does. Would you like to be a Temperance Reformer? Perhaps you would if you could make Money enough by Lecturing.

T. M.

Old Age.



WE find that not only has the bacillus of old age been identified and isolated, but the serum for its destruction is now matter of exact formula.

This serum is composed of prussic acid and cyanide of potassium, tinctured with a decoction of the livers of guinea-pigs six months dead with hydrophobia. The last-named element is what gives the true scientific flavor to the formula.

Experiments with three persons, respectively fifteen, twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, proved wholly successful. Within twenty minutes after the administration of the serum, the patients invariably ceased to grow old.



AUDREY, Mary Johnston's new novel, is a romance of eighteenth century Virginia. It is charmingly written, and the undercurrent of sadness which pervades it is unusually well controlled. Although hardly likely to equal *To Have and to Hold* in popularity, it easily exceeds it in merit. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

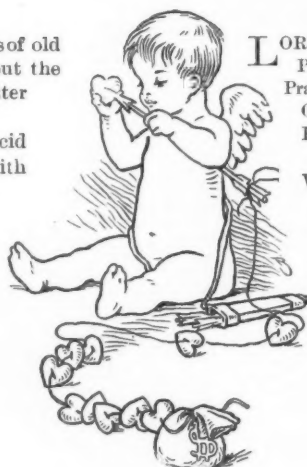
Poor Henry of Navarre has been dragged once more before the literary footlights by Test Dalton in *The Role of the Unconquered*, a historical romance of the poorer type. The action of the little drama is somewhat jerky, and one is kept uncomfortably conscious of the scene-shifters. (G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.)

The Debatable Land, by Arthur Colton, is a simple story of Civil War times used as a vehicle for the expression of the author's rather interesting views upon life and character. Its style is rugged and, whether affected or natural, quite personal to Mr. Colton, and hence utterly at variance with the remarkably homogeneous style of modern English fiction. The book is the final number of Harper's American novel series. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

John Kendrick Bangs has been button-holed by the shade of the late Baron Munchausen for a long series of interviews. They appear in *Mr. Munchausen, an Account of Some of His Recent Adventures*. A little of the Baron is diverting, but, candidly, he is not what he used to be. Both he and Foxy Grandpa are showing their age. (Noyes, Platt and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

A most interesting commentary upon modern Germany, her methods, institutions and leaders, is contained in *Seen in Germany*, by Ray Stannard Baker. It is a book that cannot be read without profit. The illustrations are by George Varian. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$2.00.)

The Story of a Child, Pierre Loti's beautiful and delicate tracing of his own mental and personal development, is one of the books that defies translation. Caroline F. Smith has done excellent work with it, but only the letter remains—the spirit has vanished. (C. C. Birchard and Company.)



Ballade of Love's Worth.

LORDLY lovers of yesterday,
Prince or peasant, poet or peer,
Pray you, speak from your beds of clay,
Give us tidings of grief or cheer;
Pagan,—Puritan,—cavalier,—
By lips you kissed, by eyes you knew,
We, the living, are fain to hear—
What did your loving profit you?

Lovely ladies, or grave, or gay,
You who lived in a yesteryear,
Princess and marquise, maiden, say;
You who of old held love most dear;
Now that your eyes at last are clear,
Now the pain and the pleasure through,
We, the living, would fain give ear—
What did your loving profit you?

Is it a losing game we play?

Weigh in the balance hope and fear,
Joy we buy with the price we pay;
Count it well for us, smile and tear;
How to you does the score appear?
Oh, dead lovers whose words are true,
Now that wisdom hath drawn you near—
What did your loving profit you?

L'ENVOI.

Prince, what matter the yea or nay?

While we question we turn to sue—

Turn unheeding, the while we pray—

What did your loving profit you?

Theodosia Garrison.

It speaks highly for A. F. Slade's ability to draw character that it can lend interest to the threadbare plot and transparent makeshifts of his story, *Annie Deane, a Wayside Weed*. Even so, the book is hardly worth while. (Brentano's.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

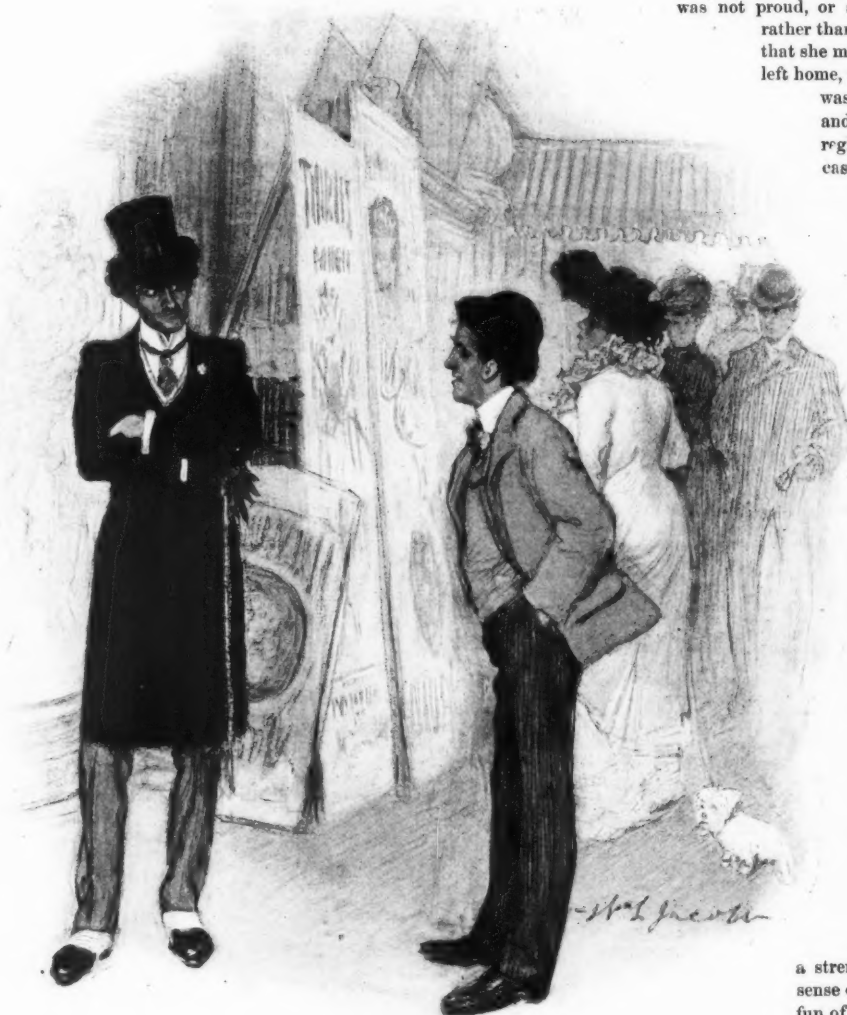
OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Destiny of Doris. By Julius Chambers. An illustrated guidebook-like description of the Mediterranean countries with a love story intruded. (Continental Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

How to Attract and Hold an Audience. By J. Berg Esenwein. (Hinds and Noble. \$1.00.)



"UGH!"



valued the cape because it kept her warm on deck. She was not proud, or she would have frozen to an iceberg rather than wear it. Somebody said to the woman that she must have the cape registered before she left home, or it would be taxed on its return. She

was a law-abiding person, so she sought and found, after prolonged search, the registry office. A supercilious young man cast one glance of scorn at the thing she offered for inspection. "That's not even real sealskin," he said. "It isn't worth registering!"

The woman felt pained, but she had what slender comfort lay in having done her duty. She sailed for Europe, and she sailed for home, wrapped in the cape's dilapidated folds. An enterprising inspector discovered it, and asked, with visible irony, if it were new.

The woman explained.

"Registered?" asked the inspector.

The woman explained again.

Now the peculiar humor of the Custom House lies in intimating to all women that they lie. Therefore the inspector said, "You don't suppose I'll take your word for that, do you?" and sent for an appraiser. The appraiser was annoyed when he saw the fur cape. He remarked severely—not to the inspector who had summoned him, but to the woman who hadn't, "That thing is not seal. It is worth nothing. What do you want to show it to me for?" and went away in a very bad humor at the poverty of the woman's belongings.

The woman was not happy. She seemed to think she had not been treated politely. But then she was a strenuously truthful person, with a limited sense of the ridiculous. She failed to see the fun of the situation. *Agnes Repplier.*

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

The Comedian: I THOUGHT YOU AND MISS POSER WERE TO BE MARRIED THIS WEEK. IS IT POSTPONED?

The Heavy: GAD, SIR! SHE ACTUALLY WANTS HER NAME TO APPEAR BEFORE MINE IN THE WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT.

Place aux Dames.

THE little band of women who have petitioned the President for gentler treatment on the docks have earnest sympathizers throughout the Republic. For the past few years the *peine forte et dure* of the Custom House has been growing more and more unbearable, until a return to one's native land is not unlike a disembarkation on the shores of the Styx, with Cerberus guarding the boat, and the Furies waiting

sociably in the background. Insult and injury are the portion of the home-coming traveler, and the insult hurts more than the injury. It is bad to have one's possessions strewn in the dirt; it is worse to be treated like a liar and a thief. It is bad to pay taxes on a trunkful of old clothes; it is worse to endure rude and offensive familiarity.

There was a woman who had a fur—or what purported to be a fur—cape. It was a prehistoric garment, bearing the scars of long and honorable service. The woman



"BOUND COLORADO."

"COLORADO; COLORADO CLARO; COLORADO MADURO."

Sonnet to the Tower of London.

O MIGHTY TOWER, how many years
gone by
Since first great Cæsar started on thy
walls!
How many bones within thy dungeons lie,
A mute and unseen record of thy brawls!
And could thy stones but have the power of
speech,
What bloody tales of pain and death
they'd tell!
Of kings and queens and princes would
they teach,
Who suffered all the tortures of a Hell.
Think on the souls, unstained by any crime,
That underneath grim Traitors' Gate have
passed!
Think on them! doomed to serve unending
Time,
Until, O joyful death! they slept at last.
Endure, O Tower! In after years thy fame
Shall be a clot of blood on England's name.
"Aurania."

Life's Anecdote Contest.

NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS: Announcement
of the prize winners will be made in a few
weeks. The number of anecdotes received has
necessarily caused some delay.

NUMBER 42.

Mr. Lowell was the guest, during his stay at Birmingham, of Mr. Wilson King. "Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, was also my guest at the time," writes Mr. King, "and the two 'took to' each other at once, and I never heard so much good talk in four days before or since. Mahaffy went off in the morning, and when, somewhat later, I was driving Mr. Lowell to the station, he put his hand on my knee and said, 'I think, on the whole, that is the most delightful fellow I ever met, and I wish you'd tell him I said so.' Of course it was pleasant for me to have such testimony to the success of my party. When I told Mahaffy, his characteristic reply was, 'Poor Lowell, never to have met an Irishman before.'"
—*Letters of James Russell Lowell*, vol. II., page 281. Harper and Brothers, 1894.

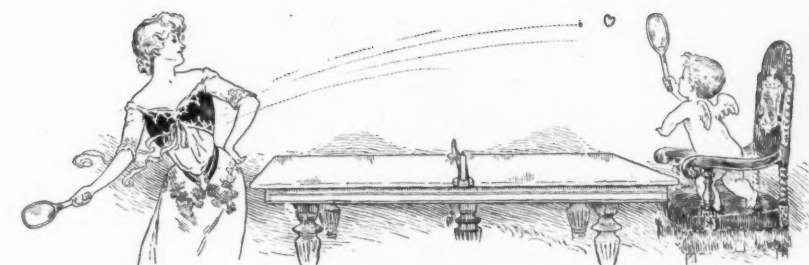
NUMBER 43.

In 1844, while Florida was still a Territory, a man who had been a Judge in one of its circuits, canvassed one of the Senatorial districts as a candidate for the Territorial Senate, and was cheered by the promise of a little Frenchman, living in one of the counties in the district, to do "all he could" for him. Not a solitary vote, however, was cast for the Judge in that county, and he seized the first opportunity thereafter to tax the Frenchman with false promises.

"Sar," said the Frenchman, very much offended, "I tell you no lie; I travel over dis country three, four, five day, and I say to every man, 'Vil you vote for my friend, ze Judge?' and he say, 'No, I vil be durned if I do.'"

"But," said the Judge, "you did not even vote for me yourself!"

"No, Judge; when I come back, I shut myself



A GAME OF PING PONG.

up in mine own room, and I 'lectioneer myself two day—but I no git my own consent to vote for you."
—From *The Funny Side of Politics*. By George S. Hilton. G. W. Dillingham Company, 1899.

NUMBER 44.

Alexander Moncrieff, of Culfargie, one of the four founders of the Secession Church, and the ancestor of Colonel Moncrieff, the inventor of the "Moncrieff System of Artillery," was on one occasion remarking on the tendency to wander during prayer, when his beadle assured him that he was quite free from such a weakness. "Well, John," said Culfargie, "you shall have the best horse in my stable, if, after family worship this morning, you can honestly assure me that your thoughts did not go astray." When the worthy minister rose from his knees, he said to the beadle, "Now, what have you to say?" "Indeed, sir," he replied, "I thought of nothing but my devotions till the very end of your prayer, when I began to wonder whether you would give me the saddle along with the horse!"—*A Budget of Anecdotes*. Published by Wm. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London, 1887.

NUMBER 45.

A certain part of Australia was recently suffering from a long-protracted drought. A day for prayer for rain was appointed and held, and, as it happened, the rain came on on the following morning. A remote quarter of the same colony was at the same time being visited by a superabundance of moisture. A worthy Magistrate of the district, on hearing what was going on at C—, and fancying that the rain in his own neighborhood was sensibly increasing, in haste despatched the following telegram to the authorities at C—: "Stop praying now, or we will be flooded in five hours."
—*Social Circle of Anecdotes*. Brentano's (no date).

NUMBER 46.

It was before an Irish Trial Justice. The plaintiff's attorney had made an eloquent and logical argument. Then the defendant's counsel took the floor.

"What are you doing?" asked the Justice, as the lawyer began.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tindincy to confuse the Court."—*Wit and Humor Bench and Bar*. T. H. Flood and Company, Chicago, 1899.

Congratulations.

LARA: Half the time he says he doesn't know whether I love him or not, about one-quarter he hopes that I do, and the rest he thinks I may, and in addition he is nearly always utterly miserable.

MAUD: Well, I'm glad you're making such a success of the affair.

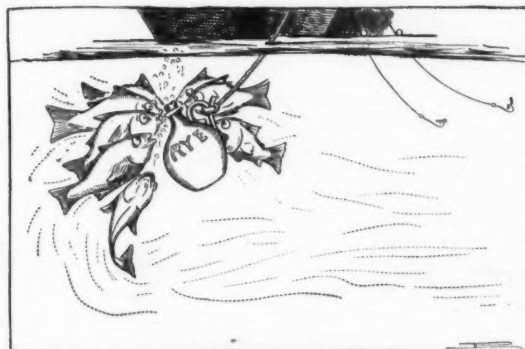
A Great Success.

THE MEDICAL EXPERT: I'm sure your baby shows what our modern methods will do. Did you follow my directions?

MOTHER: Oh, yes. First I skimmed the milk, and added two parts of hygienic water and two parts of your celebrated modifier. Then I carefully sterilized the whole.

"And then?"

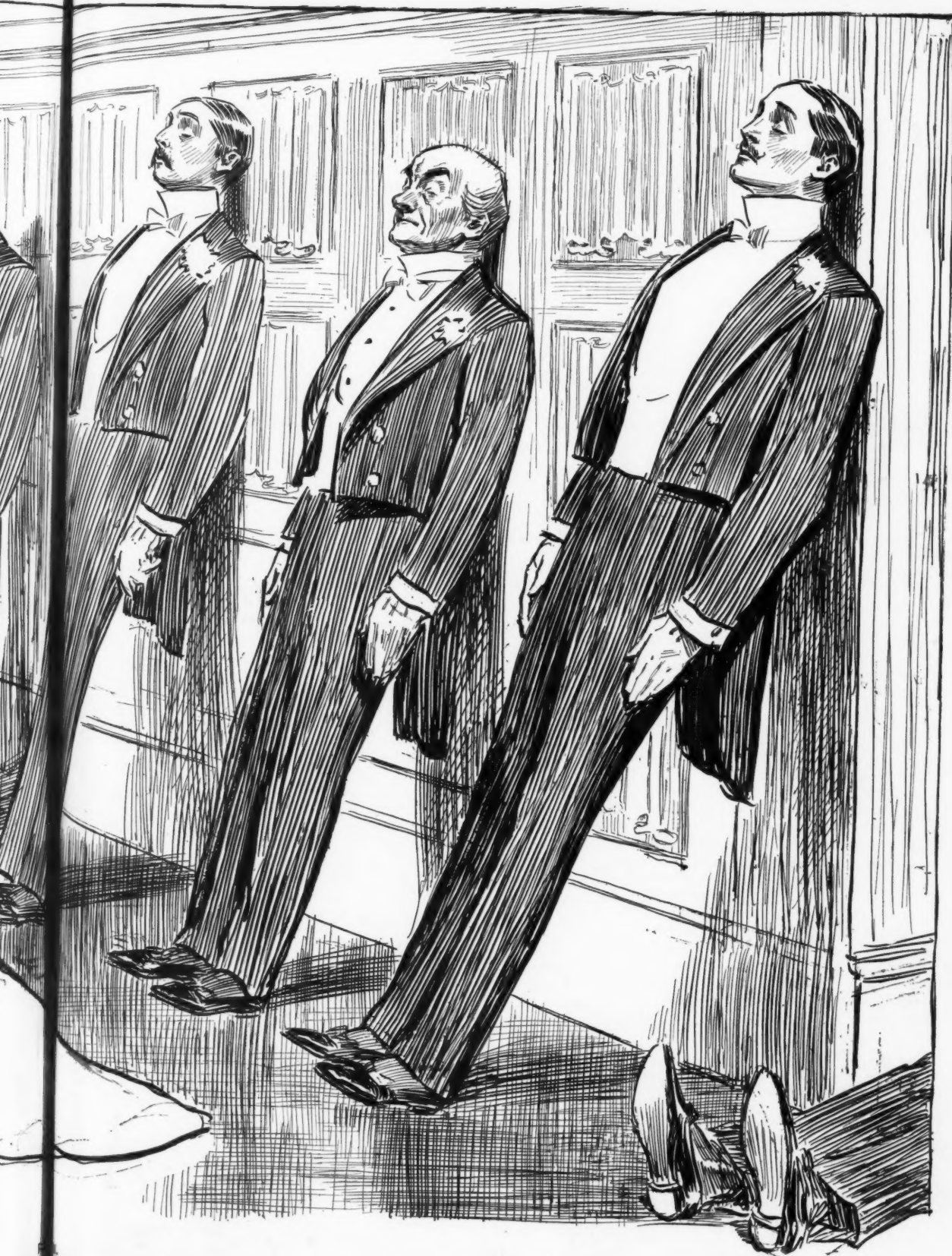
"I threw it out of the window and gave the baby the cream."



"AND THE FISHERMEN WONDERED WHY THEY DIDN'T GET A BITE!"



Copyright, 1902, by Life Publishing Co.





The Question of Unjustified Stellarism.



IT is only natural that every actor and actress should wish to be a star. The chasm that separates riches and poverty is a mere ditch compared with that which yawns between the full-fledged star and the common, or garden, actor. In that important matter—vanity—the star is catered to and the other fellow more often snubbed. In personal comfort the star is provided for, and the other has to fight for what he gets and often goes without. The star, he rides in chaises, and the other, he—rides in a street-car or walks.

Every actor knows he should be a star. There is no real harm in his knowing it, if it does not interfere with his doing everything in his power to fit himself for stellar honors, and if only he defers becoming a star in the bill-board sense until other persons, and a good many of them, share his knowledge of his own abilities. Two very important things the would-be star and his financial backers should make sure of—experience and fitness. The failures the public sees most often are young persons who might be fitted for stardom by experience, but who have not that necessary asset. Mary Andersons are not born every minute, and there be those who say that a few years of preliminary training would not have spoiled the crude art of "Our Mary."

Of the other kind—those who have experience, but who by natural qualifications are not fitted for the eminence of the star—we have fewer examples. The Syndicate has a way of manufacturing stars out of actors who have gained a certain cheap vogue, but this is a mere trick of bill-boards and press-agents, of dollars and fooling a gullible public, which public, by the way, is becoming acquainted with the trick and is not so willing as formerly to believe an actor a star simply because the advertisements and free advance notices say that he is. The real verdict in this matter rests with the critics, not only with honest and thoughtful professional critics, but with those experienced theatre-goers who make up their minds for themselves and are not led into judgment by the hysterical applause and admiration of the matinée girl, nor

by the cheerful idiot who voices his opinion during the progress of the play.

THERE is nothing in the work of

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, jointly or severally, to entitle them to the position of stars. They were both fairly competent members of the Lyceum stock company. Even there they did not achieve such successes as to warrant them in the belief that they were qualified to shine above their fellows. In certain dignified parts requiring neither great facility nor strong emotion, Mr. Kelcey was acceptable. He was a gentlemanly actor without much power of expression. Miss Shannon was agreeable in ingenue rôles, but even these were marred by personal peculiarities of manner and intonation. As they appear in "Her Lord and Master," Mr. Kelcey does not seem to have grown in temperament, and Miss Shannon does not seem to have overcome her faults or increased in power. To both of them, however, the years have been kind, and Miss Shannon is to-day quite as girlish as when she was at the Lyceum. The supporting cast in the play is competent, Mr. Morton Selten being especially effective as an English nobleman, with an admiration for the institutions of America, particularly its slang.

The play is by Miss Martha Morton, and is a modernized version of "The Taming of the Shrew," the *Katharine* being an American girl, and the *Petruchio* an English viscount. As a dramatic composition it has its entertaining moments, but it is not likely to drive Shakespeare's version of the story from the stage. *Metcalfe.*



MISS SHANNON IN
"HER LORD AND MASTER."

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—Ouida's "Under Two Flags," dramatized by Paul Potter. Spectacular and exciting.

Bijou.—"The Climbers." Amusing play of New York society life.

Broadway.—"The Beauty and the Beast." As gorgeous and amusing as ever.

Criterion.—"Du Barry," with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the heroine. Impressive and interesting.

Daly's.—"Notre Dame." Notice later.

Empire.—Stock company in "The Twin Sister." Notice later.

Garlick.—Last week but one of Charles Hawtreys long engagement in "A Message from Mars." Very interesting comedy with a moral.

Herald Square.—Lulu Glaser in the title rôle of "Dolly Varden." Amusing light opera well presented.

Knickerbocker.—"The Toreador." Comic opera of the conventional type.

Lyceum.—Last weeks of this theatre and Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge." An excellent little play well performed.

Manhattan.—Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master." See above.

Madison Square.—William Collier in "On the Quiet." Amusing nonsense.

Republic.—Henrietta Crosman in "As You Like It." Notice later.

Savoy.—"The Way of the World." Fairly amusing society play.

Victoria.—Primrose and Dockstader's negro minstrels.

Wallack's.—"A Gentleman of France." Strenuous dramatization of the novel. Good of its kind.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Vaudeville and burlesque. The managers are clever artists and expert at making the public pay to see them.



THE REAL BASIS OF ROMANTIC MELODRAMA.

A Visit to a Historical Novel Factory.

LIKE most mechanical products, historical novels are now manufactured upon the "Standard" principle. They are made up of one thousand six hundred and thirty-nine parts separately cast and automatically assembled by a traveling crane and an immense hammer operated by hot air. The plot of the novel is a molten steel, the chief dramatic situations dating back to the time of Adam, who no doubt raised Cain with them. The villains are made of scrap brass and pig iron; the heroines, of the best grade of imported sawdust soaked in a strong solution of mushmolly. The composition of the hero is a manufacturers' secret. His sword blade, however, is of the finest tempered steel, villain-proof, and capable of drenching a palatial staircase or a barren winter landscape with the rich life blood of his foes, the number of dead being limited only by the regulations of the local board of health.

Here and there, in the thickest part of the plot, are cast many bomb-proofs, fitted up in luxurious style, to serve as places of refuge for the heroine in her personally conducted tour of halfbreadth escapes, when the villain with that cold, hard glint in his eyes has sworn in his courtly, polished fashion to get her into his power. The "Ha! Ha!", by the way, is now omitted from the "processing" of standard villains. Attached to the main shaft of the plot is a patent converter, whereby at will, upon the pressure of a button, the novel is caught by a pickerless picker and transformed into a nameless contrivance with a false bottom, that is sold to the trade for a drama. The final process in the manufacture of the novel is coloring: the assembled fabric is first pounded black and blue, and then dipped into a red-hot dye-vat of patent "historical atmosphere." The components of this atmosphere are extracted by cranks from historical manuscripts and records, the punctuation and spelling thereof being chilled and blistered by the Bessemer process to give the effect of originality.

Lucas.



OUR BLASTED THOROUGHFARES.
WHY NOT DRESS ACCORDINGLY?

A Change.

CLARA: I hear Sadie has at last decided to enter a convent. She wants excitement.

MAUD: What do you mean?

"Well, her parents won't move away from Brooklyn."

Feelers.

JAGGLES: Why do they print such old jokes in the theatre programmes?

WAGGLES: To lead you up to what you are to hear on the stage.

BRIGHT GIRL: Oh, mamma, have you heard of my luck? I copied off this little story I saw in a scrap-book ten times, and sent it to ten magazines. And four of them have accepted it!



THE SITUATION REMAINS UNCHANGED.

JOHN SOMEWHAT DAZED, BUT STILL DETERMINED, DONCHERKNOW.

Life in New York.

OH, I lost a leg by trolley,
And a hand and arm eloped
In a head-to-head collision
When the trains were telescoped.

By a premature explosion
When I happened to be nigh,
I was shot across some houses
And came down without an eye.

In a hotel conflagration
All my hair was burned away,
And they found me 'mid the ruins
Bald as on my natal day.

Rendered somewhat slow of motion
By these accidents, I failed
To escape an automobile
In the instant I was hailed;

And since then I've made my progress,
After all these daring feats,

In a carriage which a servant
Pushes slowly thro' the streets.

Though I'm rather bruised and battered,
There is still one comfort, for
By the theory of chances
I shall live to reach fourscore.

William Wallace Whitelock.

A Dishonorable Proposition.

published advertisements of the sale of my books.

PUBLISHER: Good heavens! Do you want to force us to tell the truth?

AUTHOR: Say, I'd like to make an arrangement with you to pay me my royalties on the basis of your published advertisements of the sale of my books.

A Russian Novel.

"NO," said Marie Sugaroff.

Seventeen pages descriptive of the attire of the peasant women of the Caucasus.

"No?" said Count Maxim Gjoszczicz.

Twenty-one pages concerning the nobility, land tenure and judicature in the vicinity of the Black Sea.

"No," repeated Marie.

Three hundred and forty-seven pages on nihilism and the doctrine of terror.

"Then," said the count, "scramble me an egg!"

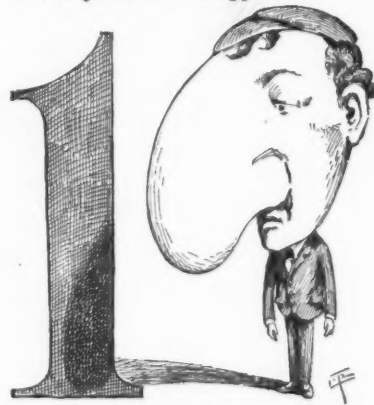
Five hundred and sixty-three pages touching the basic principle of the Russian foreign policy, the esoteric aspect of Peter the Great's epilepsy, and the real significance of Pan-Slavism.

"Very well!" said Marie, courtesying.

THE END.

IT is sickening to think how Kitchener will be glorified in England when he shall have finished

his gruesome job in South Africa. But what is more sickening still is to think that he would be equally glorified here with us, were he ours, and had done a similar job in the Philippines.



ONE BY A NOSE.



She: HOW MANY MEN OWE THEIR SUCCESS IN LIFE TO THEIR WIVES.
"YES. AND HOW MANY MORE MEN OWE THEIR WIVES TO THEIR SUCCESS IN LIFE."

• LIFE •



(PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, of the Mormon Church, has decreed that all the employees of the *Desert News*, a Mormon paper in Salt Lake, must be married before the 30th of June next.)

We are thirty odd reporters of the Salt Lake *Desert News*, Solitary are our blessings, misogynic are our views, But, behold, the Law of Mormon on our calm horizon bobs And decrees we'll have to marry or resign our little jobs.

In the Region of the Prophets, blown by Utah's salty air, "Marry Early, Marry Often," is the motto everywhere, And e'en the chronic bachelor who rustles for the press Isn't left the boon traditional of single blessedness.

E'en the little printer's devil must go doubles with his Mame, And the foreman and compositors must each one do the same,

Also the city editor, his prestige to maintain, Must start a Mormon harem ere the sprouting of the grain.

Blame us not if in impatience we hysterically spoon, We will do a wholesale business in the nuptial month of June,

And as matrons here are plenty and as pretty maids are few, Send a batch of single ladies out to Utah, P. D. Q.

We are thirty odd reporters of the Salt Lake *Desert News*, Solitary are our blessings, misogynic are our views, But a certain Mormon paper, in this crisis grave and solemn, Drives some very lively bargains in its matrimonial column.

—News-Letter.

ON THE 'GYPTIAN RAILWAY.

FIRST TOURIST: Isn't this lovely? Just think! Pharaoh lived here, and—and Cheops, and—and Moses! It makes your head swim, doesn't it?

SECOND TOURIST: I guess it's the bad air. It hurts my head, too. Is that the Nile over there?

"Mercy, I suppose so. Isn't it dirty? It doesn't seem as if Cleopatra could have rode in her barge to meet Marc Antony down that horrid stream, does it?"

"No, it doesn't. But that was a long time ago, wasn't it?" "I believe so. I've seen the play, but I don't remember just when it was."

"See that crocodile basking in the sun!" "Is he basking? Oh, Maud, that reminds me. How are you going to have your new basque trimmed?"

"Mercy, there's the Sphinx!" "What's the Sphinx?"

"Why, it's a thing that asked you riddles, you know. Dear me, I'm not sure whether that's the Sphinx or one of the Pyramids. Just look at all those children! They must be going in swimming."

"No, dear, it's the effect of the mild climate." "Look there! That must be the desert. But I can't see any caravans. Perhaps it isn't a desert. Maybe it's a mirage."

"What's a mirage, dear?" "Oh, it's something they see in deserts. Everything is upside down, you know."

"Isn't that just awful? Oh, see that handsome native!

What a picture! He must be a sheikh at least. What's he doing?"

"He's playing on the concertina and passing his hat."

"What a shame! My, isn't it nice to travel on a railroad where they don't have any smoke or cinders?"

"Yes, and do you notice what a balmy odor comes from the window?"

"Yes, Isn't it fragrant? So spicy. Can't you smell the cloves? Ah-a-a, I like to breathe it in."

"So do I. I'll ask the conductor what it is. There he is, Conductor, please!"

THE CONDUCTOR: Well, ma'am?

"Conductor, where does that spicy smell come from?" "From the locomotive, ma'am. We use nothing but mummies for fuel on this line, ma'am."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"WHEN Hall Caine, whose resemblance to Shakespeare is well known, landed in New York on a trip to America, he was accosted by the late Ignatius Donnelly, a stranger to him, with the words:

"Lord Bacon, I presume."

—"Lives of the 'Lustrous'."

"AH!" sighed the young widow, "no other man can ever fill poor John's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart."

"Of course," rejoined the sympathetic friend, "but you know there is always room at the top."

—Chicago Daily News.

For sale by all Newdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON
WHISKEY.**

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

The 20th Century

inherits three great things, viz.:

Steam, Electricity
and

**Hunter
Baltimore Rye**

The latter supplies the need of centuries for the finest type of the purest whiskey.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"Splits"

**EVANS'
ALE &
STOUT**

can now be had in "splits" containing
½ pint, in addition to regular pint size.

Order from your dealer, or write to
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



**Arnold
Constable & Co.
Wash Fabrics.**

Plain and Embroidered Panama Suitings,
Pongee Tissues, Figured Swisses,
Embroidered Batistes, Mulls, and Nainsocks,
Printed Irish Dimities, Linen Lawns, and
Mulls,

French Piqués, Croquet Checks.
David and John Anderson's
Ginghams and Cheviots.
Silk Ginghams.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

**Redmond,
Kerr & Co.**

DEALERS IN
HIGH GRADE
INVESTMENT
SECURITIES.

BANKERS,

41 WALL ST., N. Y.

Members

N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Available Over the World.

Issue Travellers'
Letters of Credit

**Lenten Lectures
on Bookbinding**

Illustrated by the Actual Process of Binding.

To be given at the Studio of the
SCHOOL OF SCHLEUNING & ADAMS
256 W. 23d St., N. Y. City.

Artistic Bookbinders. Send for details.

NIAGARA FALLS 9 HOURS FROM NEW YORK VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL.

TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAINS DAILY.

WONDERLAND 1902

now ready
for distribution
has 3 chapters
that will prove of
unusual value
and interest.



MINING IN MONTANA
is the leading chapter and
gives a history of that indus-
try with its fascinating incidents of early
days.

AMONG THE CHEYENNES
recounts the observations of the writer dur-
ing a trip in 1901 to the Northern Cheyenne
Reservation in Montana.

PUGET SOUND AND ALASKA deals in
some detail with the wonderful Puget Sound
Country, its early explorers and its later growth.

THE BOOK WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF
SIX CENTS BY CHAS. S. FEE, N. P. R. ST. PAUL, MINN.
IT IS OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE TO SCHOOLS.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SEASON, JUNE 1 — SEPT 15.

**You Pay
And Take**

It's either a

**Hartford
Single
Tube**

**Your Money
Your Choice**

or a

**Dunlop
Double
Tube**

The uniform quality and excellence of construction of
HARTFORD SINGLE TUBE **DUNLOP DETACHABLE** and **HARTFORD SOLID RUBBER TIRES**
have made them the most reliable and successful tires
of their respective types
We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight
tire for every kind of wheel, and will send you free expert advice
regarding the tires best adapted to your especial needs
THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.



EASE UP! WITH President Suspenders

Make yourself comfortable. Take the strain off your shoulders. Get the genuine with "President" on the buckles. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings can not rust. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. 50c. everywhere, or by mail, postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Box 478, Shirley, Mass.

THE EQUITABLE



J.W. ALEXANDER
PRESIDENT

J.H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

SOME YEARS AGO

A man made a pile of money in Wall Street. He took part of it and bought a Joint Annuity to be paid as long as either he or his wife lives. He has lost all the rest of his money, but he can't lose his Annuity, and both he and his wife are assured of an income of \$10,000 as long as either of them lives. If his wife survives him, she receives the income as long as she lives.

There are probably hundreds of others who could have done the same thing—and heartily wish that they had.

For information about Annuities
cut out and mail coupon below

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept. No. 27,
120 Broadway, New York.

How much would it cost for an
Annuity of \$.....
If issued to a man.....years of age?
Name.....
Address.....



Let us, then, be up and doing
Things unorthodox each day—
Ripping gospels up and strewing
Old beliefs along the way.

Be not like dumb, driven cattle—
That would be a foolish crime—
Flout the Holy Bible, that'll
Make you famous every time.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE HOUSE LONESOME

Has no telephone service. It is cut off from the last touch of modern comfort. Telephone service puts the whole city at your elbow. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

"A GOOD man has gone," wrote the editor of the Hickory Ridge *Missourian*, in winding up his obituary of Col. Wop-pajaw. "He was honored and respected by all, and a large concourse of sympathizing friends and neighbors followed to the tomb all that was mortal of our distinguished citizen, except a leg which he had the misfortune to lose while fighting bravely at Chickamauga thirty-eight years ago."

—Chicago Tribune.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"WHEN I get to heaven," said Mrs. Boston Commons, "I will ask Shakespeare who wrote his plays."

"He may not be there," replied Mr. Boston Commons.

"That's true," she continued; "then you can ask him."

And Mrs. Boston Commons swept from the room with a sixteenth century smile.—*The Schoolmaster*.

DELETTREZ, PARIS, VIOLETTES CELESTES is a most delightful odor in high-grade Toilet Soaps and Perfumes. Manufactured and popularized in Paris by Delettrez. Now for sale in this country by your druggists. Ask for it.

"POOR woman! She works hard all day and then she's up nearly all night with the babies."

"What's the matter with her husband? Why doesn't he help her?"

"Oh! he puts in all his time agitating for an eight-hour day for the workman."—*Philadelphia Press*.

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGEIA, Old Point Comfort, Va. Sea views. Pleasant excursions.

"NOTHING is made in vain," said the philosopher.

"That's right," answered Senator Sorghum. "I was thinking of that the other day. It doesn't make any difference how no-account a horse is you can always trade him off for something, and the most useless member of society can be gathered up to the polls for voting purposes."

—Washington Star.

DRAMATIC INSTRUCTION.

Young ladies and gentlemen prepared for the stage; the art of acting taught by Joseph Adelman, Stage Director for Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Savoy Theatre. Studio, 11 East 60th St.

TEACHER: What zone is this in which we live?

JOHNNY: Temperate.

"Correct. Now, what is meant by a 'temperate zone'?"

"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter and red hot in summer."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Some New Wall Papers"

is the title of our new booklet aiding in home decoration. Ellis P. Butler has written it, and the color plates show the best wall papers now made. The Pittsburg Wall Paper Company, New Brighton, Pa.



The Beverage of Health

There is no beverage more healthful than the right kind of beer. Barley malt and hops—a food and a tonic. Only 3 1/2 per cent of alcohol—just enough to aid digestion.

Rhine wine is 12 per cent alcohol; champagne, 20 per cent; whiskey, 40 per cent.

There are no germs in pure beer, while the sweet drinks which you give children are full of them.

Pure beer is a tonic which all physicians favor. They prescribe it to the weak, the run-down, the convalescent. And they recommend it to well people who want to keep well.

But get the right beer, for some beer is not healthful. Schlitz is the pure beer, the clean beer, the filtered and sterilized beer. No bacilli in it—nothing but health.

And Schlitz is the aged beer that never causes biliousness.

Call for the brewery bottling

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

**MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY**

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

OLD CROW RYE

A STRAIGHT

WHISKEY

H. B. KIRK & CO.

Sole Bottlers & New York

**Improved
BOSTON
GARTER**

THE STANDARD
FOR GENTLEMEN
ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON
GARTER" is stamped on
every loop—

The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

Sample pair, Silk 50c, Cotton
25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN
SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT

Always insist upon having

ABBOTT'S THE
ORIGINAL
Angostura Bitters.

C. W. ABBOTT & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St.,
New York.

Mr. Herbert Miss Effie
KELCEY AND SHANNON

in HER LORD AND MASTER.

BY MARTHA MORTON.

Evenings, 8:30. Matinee Saturday, 2:15.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS ARE THE BEST

FOR EXPERT WRITERS. 1

FOR ACCOUNTANTS. 2

FOR CORRESPONDENTS. 3

FOR RAPID WRITING. 28

FOR ENGRAVING. 36

Samples FREE on receipt of return postage, 2 cents.

**SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N. Y.**

W. & J. Sloane



NO English art worker
ever influenced his
craft more than
Thomas Sheraton,
and few designers
of furniture have deserved
and received such lasting
fame.

Our illustration is a re-
production of one of his
masterpieces, which has
found a home in the South
Kensington Museum.

The original of this cabi-
net is built of satinwood and
most charmingly decorated
by Angelica Kaufmann, one
of the leading artists of the
Eighteenth Century.

Our special order work
has for its inspiration many
a worthy model among our
fine collection of furniture,
representing both the En-
glish and French Schools of
design.

Correspondence Invited.

Broadway and 19th Street • New York

The World is Always Ready for a Good Thing.

The saying "there is nothing new under the sun" is
not always true, as shown by the recent decision of the
U. S. Circuit Court sustaining the "Velvet Grip" patent
for Hose Supporters. Judge Cox says: "The proof
shows that the Velvet Grip Clasp was the first perfectly
successful and operative supporter ever made."

**WE
PAY
POST-
AGE.**

All you have guessed
about life insurance may
be wrong. If you wish to
know the truth, send for
"How and Why," issued
by the PENN MUTUAL
LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut
Street, Philadelphia.

Guaranty Trust Co. of New York

NASSAU, CORNER CEDAR STREET.

LONDON OFFICES 33 LOMBARD ST., E. C. 60 ST. JAMES ST., S. W.

Capital \$2,000,000. Surplus \$4,500,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS subject to cheque or on certificate.

Acts as Trustee for Corporations, Firms & Individuals; and as Guardian, Executor & Administrator;
Takes entire charge of Real and Personal Estates; carefully selected securities offered for investment

TRAVELERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT available in all parts of the world;

ALSO COMMERCIAL LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED.

DRAFTS on all parts of Great Britain, France and Germany **BOUGHT and SOLD.**

WALTER G. OAKMAN, President.

ADRIAN ISELIN, JR., Vice-President.

GEORGE R. TURNBULL, 2d Vice-President.

HENRY A. MURRAY, 3d Vice-President.

WM. C. EDWARDS, Treasurer.

JOHN GAULT, Manager Foreign Department.

E. C. HEBBARD, Secretary.

F. C. HARRIMAN, Assistant Treasurer.

R. C. NEWTON, Trust Officer.

DIRECTORS:

Samuel D. Babcock,
George F. Baker,
George S. Bowdoin,
August Belmont,
Frederic Cromwell,

Walter R. Gillette,
G. G. Haven,
E. H. Harriman,
R. Somers Hayes,
Charles R. Henderson,

Adrian Iselin, jr.,
Augustus D. Juilliard,
James N. Jarvis,
Richard A. McCurdy,
Levi P. Morton,

Alexander E. Orr,
Walter G. Oakman,
Henry H. Rogers,
H. McK. Twombly,
Frederick W. Vanderbilt,

Harry Payne Whitney.

London Committee

ARTHUR J. FRASER, Chairman; LEVI P. MORTON, DONALD C. HALDEMAN.

· LIFE ·



Pat (to restless steed, which, after a busy ten minutes, has succeeded in getting its foot in the stirrup): OCH, SURE, IF YE'RE GOING TO GET UP, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET DOWN.
— Moonshine.

...LIFE BINDER... CHEAP, STRONG AND DURABLE.

We furnish these in black or red, to hold 26 numbers, for \$1.00, postage prepaid.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West 31st Street, N. Y.



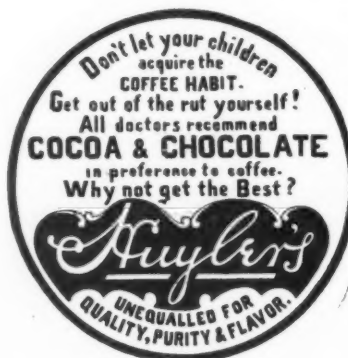
Gold Lion Cocktails

A blend of the highest grade materials in exact proportions.

Seven varieties.

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900.

The Cook and Bernheimer Co., New York



If not handled by your grocer, send his name and address and receive FREE SAMPLE and BOOKLET.

Huyler's, - 863 Broadway, N. Y.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

Capital, - - - \$2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$4,500,000

OFFICERS:

LEVI P. MORTON, President
THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President
JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Prest.
H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary
EUGENE E. VARET, Asst. Secretary
G. L. WILMERDING, Asst. Secretary
H. B. BERRY, Trust Officer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Levi P. Morton Joseph C. Hendrix
Thomas F. Ryan James N. Jarvie
Edward J. Berwind George Foster Peabody
G. G. Haven Jacob H. Schiff
William C. Whitney

Pabst beer is always pure

Brewed from carefully selected barley and hops — never permitted to leave the brewery until properly aged.



Sal: 'ERE, BILL, CHUCK IT! WE AIN'T IN THE TUNNEL NOW.
 Bill: THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I WAS ONLY 'OLDIN ON TO SEE WHICH ON YER WOS A
 KISSIN' OF ME!
 —Moonshine.

Sweethearts
 for 59 Years

have been
 wooed and
 won
 with

Whitman's
 CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

For sale
 everywhere.

WHITMAN'S
 Instantaneous
 Chocolate.

Made in a minute with
 boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SONS,
 1316 Chestnut St., Phila.
 Established 1842.

Duminy

The Highest Type of French Champagne
CODMAN & HALL CO.
 Agents for the U. S.
 BOSTON, - - - MASS.

"A
 perpetual
 feast
 of
 nectared
 sweets."
 —Milton.

NABISCO

**Sugar
 Wafers**

A never-ending feast
 of flavors
 as delicate as
 the
 flowers' fragrance,
 as delicious as
 the
 sun-kissed fruit

Made in many flavors.
 Each flavor sealed in
 a separate tin.

National Biscuit
 Company.

BLACK, STARR AND FROST,
 438 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.
PEARL NECKLACES.

The largest, most lux-
 urious day coaches of
 any American Railway
 are those on the

"Big Four"

Each coach is eighty feet
 long and seats 87 people
 comfortably.

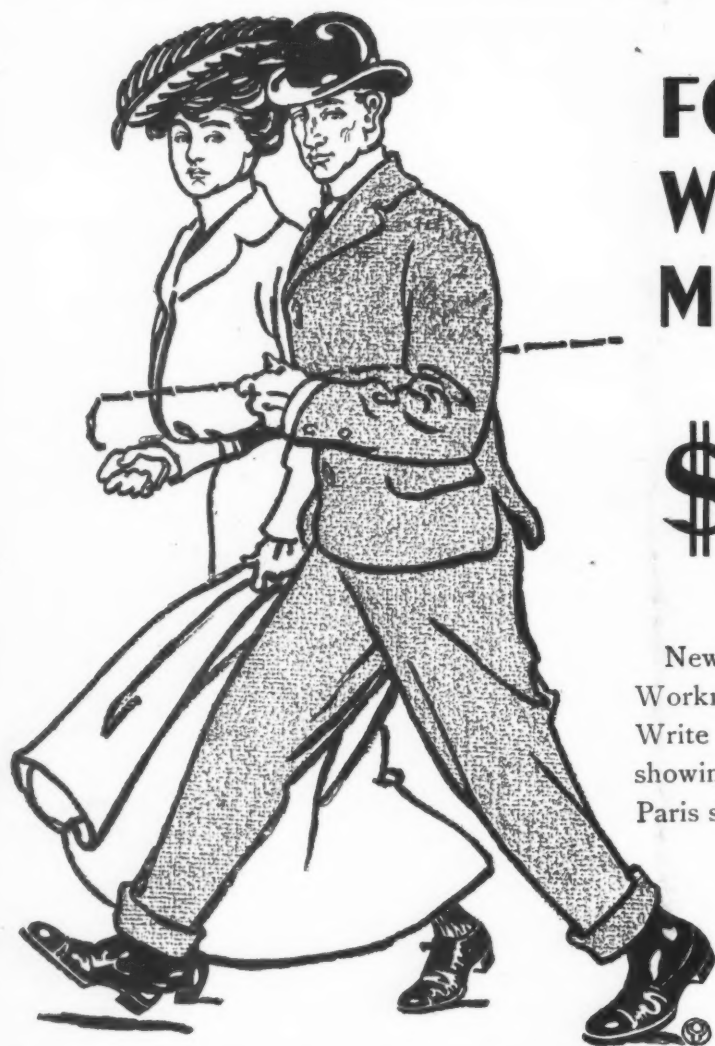
Magnificent through train service is
 maintained in connection with New
 York Central, Boston & Albany and
 other roads.

Write for Folders.

Warren J. Lynch, - Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt.
 W. P. Deppe, - Asst. Gen'l P. & T. Agt.
 CINCINNATI, O.

The Crawford Shoe

"THE ONLY GUARANTEED SHOE"



**FOR
WELL DRESSED
MEN AND WOMEN**

\$ 3 50

Newest Styles—Best Materials—Finest Workmanship—Perfect Fit—One Price. Write for handsomely illustrated catalogue showing latest New York, London and Paris shapes.

The
Crawford Shoe Makers

STORES :

Men

99-105 Nassau St., New York.
54 West 23d St., New York.
825 Broadway, New York.
433 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
150 West 125th St., New York.

100 Summer St., Crawford Bldg., Boston.
160 Tremont St. & 72 Mason St., Boston.
208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington.

Women

54 West 23d St., New York.
137 Fulton St., New York.
825 Broadway, New York.
150 W. 125th St., New York.
433 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

208 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore.
160 Tremont St., Boston.
160 Summer St., Boston.
903 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington.

Mail Order Department I, 140 Duane Street, New York City, U. S. A.
FACTORIES : New York City; Brockton, Mass.